

## A HAWAIIAN'S IMPRESSIONS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

No. 3.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the first requisites of India is to secure a good servant. You may hire them temporarily or if you find a good one it is well to take him with you for the expense is trifling and they can be of great service, and they are the most faithful and devoted servants I know of. My "boy"—as they call them—was a tall Moor and a handsome fellow. He was in his light white suit and turban, and no matter what hour he was always on hand and ready and competent to do anything I wished. At night he made up his bed outside my door.

One of my friends got a splendid fellow. A handsome Mussulman who had traveled often in Europe as a servant and spoke English, French, and German fluently. He understood well all the numerous little duties of a gentleman's servant and for £2 a month and board, agreed to travel and remain with his young master for life. Many people traveling through India have thus secured most excellent servants.

A drive around Bombay and suburbs is very interesting. The public buildings are handsome and imposing structures of Gothic architecture something of the style of the palaces in Venice.

The market is a large airy and extensive iron building with a garden attached. Here may be seen familiar fruits and vegetables nicely displayed, a great variety of queer looking stuff reminding me of Chinatown in San Francisco.

Crowds of gaily-dressed women and a few men throng among the stalls bargaining with the vendors who are squatted on top the tables surrounded by their produce. In the garden are cages of poultry and bright-plumaged birds of all kinds for sale. Big and little monkeys, wholesale and retail, pigs, etc., etc. Adjacent are fish and meat stalls. It is a well-arranged market and it struck me that if we had an institution at home as commodious as this, it would be a great resort for housekeepers and native purchasers, and thus affording a proper display of domestic farm produce would induce more extensive purchases and would be an incentive to our small farmers to bring forward fruits, vegetables, etc. in greater variety for which our gardens are so well adapted.

In certain open squares in the city I saw numerous tents pitched, and on inquiry I learned that they were occupied by Europeans who during the long dry season live in these tents for the sake of coolness and comfort. I was invited into one of them and found it furnished with every comfort and luxury. The centre of the tent formed the sitting room and curtains off from the sides were bedrooms. A stretch of canvas in front of the tent formed an open pavilion, surrounded by trees and flowers, and this made dining, smoking and reading room. It certainly is a most comfortable way of living in the hot weather and the groups of white tents surrounded by foliage look very pretty.

A beautiful road leads out along the shores of the back bay to Malabar, where are most of the bungalows and gardens of the Europeans.

There is a great variety of handsome foliage and I recognise many familiar friends in the cocoa-nut, monkey-pod, pride of India and Alberob. But the most numerous trees are the Palmyra palm. Lots of mynah birds fly about as saucy as they are at home, but the chief feature of everything are the innumerable crows that infest the city in every direction with their most musical "qua qua."

The Victoria Gardens we found to be worth a visit for there are many trees and flowers of tropic growth, and a very handsome museum. To get there you have to drive through the "Black Town," or Indian quarter where the display of strange wares in the crowded bazaars, the cries of the peddlers, and the gay costumes or half-naked forms of the great throng of natives in the narrow streets are the chief characteristics of scenes of Indian life in the business places.

In the evening about 6 o'clock the military band plays on the handsome quay called the Apollo Bunder. The wealth and fashion of Bombay appear in their elegant equipages. Brilliant

turbaned Hindoos in their picturesque costume on the box as drivers, and two in the same colors standing on steps behind, make a novel tour-out. And the occupants be they richly dressed Parsees, Hindoo merchants or Europeans, lounge off in the huge carriages with an air of Oriental luxury. Crowds of people lounge around the seats on the quay or in the large and handsome cafe. A favorite place for ladies and gentlemen is the upper floor of a large pavilion where they sit and sip cooling drinks, looking down on the quay where the music plays and observe the moving panorama of people, carriages and brilliant colors; or else look out on the harbor, where may be seen an immense fleet of shipping of all kinds and of all nations, and a great number of small lateen rigged trading craft of the natives in every variety of old fashioned model since the days of the ark.

Driving about the city one evening we met numerous strange processions, which we learned were Hindoo wedding processions. It was a festival week when all those who had gone through the prescribed period of betrothal and naught had occurred to mark the course of true love were now privileged to marry.

Out of curiosity we followed one procession.

The intending bridegroom was mounted on a magnificent horse that was gaily decorated with gold and silver trappings. He was a young fellow richly dressed in an Indian costume bright with color, and glittering lacings. A magnificent turban of cloth and gold surmounted by ostrich feathers adorned his head. In his hand he held a brilliantly polished cimeter, and he had a haughty look of indifference to everybody. On each side of him men carried huge umbrellas of scarlet colored silk, and two others carried an arrangement of artificial flowers. He was preceded by a "tum-tum" band of eight big and little tum-tums which were being played with muscular strength rather than harmony. These were followed by numbers of his servants bearing on their heads big brass vessels containing sweetmeats and presents for the bride. Behind him was a procession of girls and men, his friends, and numbers of torch bearers lined the procession. The whole thing reminded me of certain performances occasionally seen in Honolulu on 4th July. Arrived at the fiancée's house, a native brass band and the tum-tum band set up an awful serenade. It lasted half an hour, the bridegroom remaining seated on his horse all the time with an intent and aesthetic gaze at the upper window where sat his fiancée, bedecked with jewels, new rings and bangles and arrayed in a brilliant hued wedding dress. Finally descending from his horse the bridegroom entered the house and was met with a most charming courtesy by the girl, and then the sweetmeats and presents were conveyed into the house. Perceiving us in our carriage near the door, an old and very gentlemanly master of ceremonies came and invited us into the house. I have since been told that Europeans who are well dressed and will be polite in demeanor are always welcome to these feasts. We entered and saluted the couple, and were then served with sweetmeats and coffee, while several Nautch girls performed a dance for the entertainment of the party. The happy pair sat at either end of a divan never speaking a word but silently contemplating each other, probably with intense admiration, while the rest of the party were merrily chatting and laughing. This lasted an hour and then the couple rose, the lady was placed on a second horse and with each a handful of red powder which they threw at each other at intervals, she was borne away in triumph.

I know it is unkind to say it, but the girl was not good looking and hardly came up to the Hindu father's usual recommendation of his daughter when he gives her away in marriage and says "she is beautiful as the moon, the symmetry of her person is exact, her teeth are like the seeds of the pomegranate, her voice is remarkably sweet like that of the cuckoo, her gait is graceful, she speaks like the goddess Lakshmi (the goddess of fortune) and will bring fortune to any family she may be connected with."

With the Hindus, marriage is one of the primary obligations of life and from the betrothal to the wedding day there are innumerable forms and cere-

monies to test the wisdom of the match and cement the relations of the families, the lady's dower being one of the most important points of the arrangement.

Many of the ideas of these ceremonies are beautiful, but the final consummation is ridiculous and great expense is incurred that they may become "the gaze of fools; the pageant of a day." The Hindus of Bombay in my opinion are not as fine a class as others I have seen later, and in the native quarters there is a great deal of squalor and poverty, and the people are all but naked. The women displayed their faces by wearing in their nose a silver ring hung with precious stones or glass beads, hair bangles on the arms and ankles and rings on the fingers and toes. The men besmear their foreheads with paint to indicate their caste. They all chew betel which stains their teeth and mouth a bright red. "In this savage appearance you would hardly realize that the Hindu was descended from the same stock as the English—the Aryan."

Among the better classes of the natives, however, the men are certainly fine looking, and have very pleasing manners. Their features are often refined and noble, and have a dreamy expression, for which they have been called the "mild Hindu."

Among the native people in Bombay, the Portuguese Indians are a nice lot of people. They are mostly Christians, and dressed in European costume; they resemble very much our natives. They are very quiet and industrious, and make most excellent servants. I should like to have learned more of them. They are different from the other Indians, for it is Portuguese blood that circulates in their veins, and Portuguese manners and customs that influence them, both the pure natives and those of mixed blood. In Bombay there are 30,000 of them, and in the Portuguese possessions of Goa, Daman and Diu on the West Coast there are over 400,000.

By far the most interesting portion of Bombay's population are the Parsees. They are most sagacious and energetic merchants, and constitute the wealthiest class of Bombay, and many of them live in beautiful villas, surrounded by every luxury. On several occasions I have enjoyed their affable company and pleasant hospitality. Visiting them in their bazaars they are always gracefully polite, while they patiently exhibit their rich wares of every variety, and from every clime. You may often see them driving around in their carriages with their families, the ladies and children clad in the most gorgeous raiments of gold and silver embroidered stuffs.

Though it is many hundred years since they (the Parsees) were driven out of Persia, like the Jews they remain unchanged in manners, dress, and customs, and intermarry only among themselves. They may still be seen worshipping the Sun at sunrise and sunset in accordance with their faith, the doctrines of Zoroaster, and worship the Sun and fire as emblems of Deity, and follow faithfully a religion of practical sense and excellent teachings. But they have a most horrible way of disposing of their dead. On Malabar Hill they have a beautiful plot of ground in the centre of which is a tall stone tower open at the top called the "Tower of Silence." Through a narrow aperture the body is thrust into the centre of the tower, and almost immediately a lot of ugly vultures "holy birds of Ormuzd" they call them, swoop into the tower and devour the flesh of the body. The Parsees' defense of this method of sepulture is, that "it were better the body be swiftly destroyed than suffer the worm eating corruption of the grave."

Club life in Bombay is naturally necessary as the various resources of social life are limited. We had the pleasure of dining one evening at the Byculla Club as the guest of Mr. Best of Bombay, who had been a fellow voyager with us. The dinner was as good as could have been got up in London, silently and carefully served by Indian waiters. And the arrangements of the club with its lofty room, extensive porticos, and beautiful garden, is a most luxurious and comfortable resort, and furnishes solace, ease and comfort, and society to the Anglo Indian resident of Bombay. And the evening we spent there was one of those *noctes ambrosiæ* that happen

here and there as one cruises through the world, are never repeated in the same manner and are always full of happy reminiscence.

We made the excursion one day in a small steam launch to the celebrated cave of temples on the island of Elephanta. It is curious and wonderful as you enter these halls cut out of the living rock, surrounded by pillars and adorned on the sides by sculptures, 12 to 15 feet high, illustrating some of the traditions of the Hindoo religion, though the pillars and sculptures are considerably marred by time and by the hand of vandal warriors.

These things, however, possessed no further interest for me beyond a traveler's curiosity, for they are decidedly ugly and grotesque. Goethe has spoken of them as "the distorted and crazy temples of Elephanta."

In another party that accompanied us in the launch to visit the caves was Mr. Moncre D. Conway, the American Orientalist, who is visiting and studying the Buddhist remains in Northern India with a view to writing a book on the subject. This is the gentleman who lately passed through Honolulu and made such severe and perhaps not entirely undeserved comments on your Sabbath restrictions against the workingman's legitimate use of his only leisure. Coming away from the caves a party of Indian children met us and performed a very pretty and intricate dance. Eight of them standing in opposite fours, each with a piece of bamboo in either hand, twine around in and out in various pretty figures, striking with each of his sticks those of his neighbors, first right and left, and thus maintaining a musical clatter to the dance. I did not learn the name of it.

Lacking amusement one evening we wandered into a Hindoo theatre. All the appointments were much like any theatre and there was a large and very gaudily dressed audience intensely interested in the adventures of a bold pirate on the stage. But that pirate was a most insipid fellow, and his attempts at being a bold, bad man were so effeminate, it seemed as though a puff of wind would knock him down. We left him to his fate.

Statistics I know are dull, so of Bombay, I will simply say in brief that it is a large and flourishing city of over 800,000 people, and is the chief medium for the trade and commerce of the Indian Orient. It has a large commerce with Europe and Asia, and it is second only to New Orleans in its export of cotton.

Having no further time to spare in Bombay and having completed all we desired to do there, we made preparations for our journey overland.

We were quite a large party that entered the train one Sunday evening to be in company for the journey to Calcutta. The two American gentlemen I mentioned in a previous letter (a clergyman and a young friend from Plattsburg, New York) and a Scotch gentleman with his pleasant party of three ladies.

The Indian sleeping cars are perhaps a little more comfortable than the European cars and we were well accommodated, having a whole car to ourselves. But I cannot understand why it is that when America has invented for the comfort of travelers the luxurious Pullman car, England, Europe, India and elsewhere, they still use the old fashioned, uncomfortable car which makes travel so tedious and wearying, cars which would be hooted off any American road.

The panorama of the road while riding on a railway is always interesting, and though we were riding over level plains, without mountain scenery we saw much of novelty and interest.

The second day we saw innumerable monkeys playing about the trees, running across fields and doing all sorts of ridiculous things that only monkeys can do. They are never molested for they are generally held sacred, and if they come into the villages they are always fed by the natives. This is one of the relics of Buddhism which teaches reverence for the life of all sentient creatures.

Numbers of green parrots and bright plumaged birds of all kinds are seen all along the route. Open prairies where the antelope and gazelle sport at liberty. Numerous villages and cities and in adjacent fields, herds of tame buffalo, cattle, goats, sheep and camels. Occasionally a strolling tribe of Indians encamped in tents

with their camels and horses picketed around them. We pass many fertile fields especially of small barley and note the wonderful canal system of India by which these plateaus are irrigated and made productive. We also see the remnants of many Mussulman fortifications in certain commanding positions. At the pretty railway stations built of brick with immense white domes over them, we see many types of the Hindoo and Mussulman people in their varying costumes, and the further north we go the physique of the people improves and we see many handsome looking people.

We have excellent fare at convenient hours along the road and after two days and two nights, a little after dark on the third night we arrive at Delhi.

At the depot we are met by the Hindu manager of the Traveler's Bungalow. To convey our baggage to the hotel he had to charter exactly thirty-eight coolies, and you would have laughed could you have seen this exceedingly strange procession of half-naked coolies with trunks, valises, hat boxes, rugs and packages of all sorts, all carried on their heads and marching in single file, three gharries containing our party forming the vanguard and thus moving through the ancient streets of Delhi for about a mile. Arriving at the hotel the confused mass of coolies, baggage, travelers, gharries, Hindu and Mussulman hotel waiters, and a lot of noisy crows squawking overhead, would have made a most comical subject for the genre painter. But we finally got things into a system, and then the ladies retired while the gentlemen refreshed themselves. After all this confusion we made plans for the following day.

On arising next morning I found a motley crowd assembled in the front room. A barber with his razor and cup wanted to shave me; guides and servants sought employment; a proprietor of Turkish baths wanted to wash me; peddlers with their antique arms and helmets of brass and steel; dealers in various articles of silver ware; photographers; beautiful miniature pictures painted on ivory, etc.

Out of the lot I picked the Turkish bath man and went with him to a very neatly appointed place where two Indian fellows took hold of me and for a half hour treated me to a strange course of gymnastics—a system of scrubbing, rubbing, pounding, stretching and pulling and a liberal use of soap and warm water. I rather winced under it at first but when they finally stretched me out on a divan, fanned me and gave me coffee, I felt mightily refreshed. Delhi is famous for these same Turkish, or rather Indian, baths.

After breakfast we prepared to go out and see the sights of this celebrated ancient and historic city which has been ruined and rebuilt many times. The present city being built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan, under whose reign were also built most of the magnificent and sumptuous buildings in marble and fine stone in northern India, which now form its most splendid memorials.

Our first visit was to the fort. It is an immense inclosure surmounted by a high wall of red sandstone one and half miles in circuit, and has several magnificent gateways. In the interior may be seen the remains of the once beautiful palace of the Great Mogul, "the magnificence of whose court was formerly the wonder of European travelers." The main buildings have been partially restored in cheap imitation of their former splendor and some of them are now occupied by the red-coated soldiery of India's English Empress. Where formerly Mogul Emperors held gorgeous court, British soldiers now sit down to their substantial mess, and the former sacred precincts of the harem make comfortable quarters for the men.

Some portions of the palace that have been restored are so preserved that one may gain an idea of their original decorations.

The Diwani-i-Khas, or hall of private audience, is a beautiful pavilion of white marble, supported on massive pillars and is richly ornamented with flowers of inlaid mosaic work. Over the arches of each end of the hall is sculptured in gilt letters in the Persian language, the beautiful motto, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this." It once contained the famous